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GREENSBORO, N. C., FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, MAY 15, 1858.

[WHOLE No. 122.]

THE TIMES.

GREENSBORO, N. C.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

A Vision at Evening.

BY CLARENCE MELVIN.

I watched through the deepening shadows,
The shifting scenery faded day
Till the wings of night came onward
To circle the dreaming world.

I saw a host with their banners
Stand guard at the gates of the west,
And watch as the daylight faded,
And died on the twilight's breast.

Their spears were held in silence,
And their ensigns drooping low,
As the waves of mist rolled onward
In an ever ceaseless flow.

And their forms were bent in sadness
As they gazed for the bright day dead,
And they gazed thro' the half closed portals,
Where the shadows enshrouded the dead.

I watched till the vision faded
In the misty arms of night,
And the faint light of twilight
Had fled from the sense of sight;

And I thought of the host of memory
That guards in the evening grey,
And looks through the half closed portals
Of life that has passed away.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

Viroqua Sanford.

A Tale of Real Life.

BY INA CLAYTON.

CHAPTER I.

In fact there's nothing makes me so much grieve
As that abominable little tattle,
Which is the end of every human estate.

“HAVE you heard the news, Maria?” asked Miss Almira, Price of her friend Mrs. Hallock, while on one of her reporting-investigating-visits to the house of her unamiable colleague.

“No, but pray out with it, Al., for I am nearly dying to hear something new, here I have been shut up, all day long, with these yelting seagooses, dear me, I wish they could be at school all of the time, out of the room with your children, in a minute!” screamed the disquieted Mother, and Almira, who proceeded, with that piece of news. The children left the gossips to their scandal, and Mrs. Hallock was all attention to her guest.

“Well, they do really say that Mrs. Sanford and Theodore Pollock are irretrievably in love with each other; he is there more than half of the time and how it will terminate I cannot say, and the shrivelled features of the speaker were more than ever disturbed with scorn and passion.

“Is it possible?” asked Mrs. Hallock with a look of the deepest interest; “well, Al., I never had much opinion of her, some think her wonderful pretty, but as far as that is concerned, I know that there are those in the world that look about as well as she does—” at the same time giving an arch look at herself in the mirror opposite—“but who told you of this Almira?”

“Mrs. Cornstock, and she of course knows, being Mrs. Sanford's nearest neighbor. She says Mrs. Sanford does not know anything about it, for he is only at home of nights, and at his meals, and at such times Pollock keeps his distance, I presume.”

“Al., you know we called on Mrs. Sanford soon after she came to this town, but she never has returned our calls, I have felt indignant about it for some time, and now is the time we can be avenged.”

“Just so, Maria, we'll report a few things, h' ha.”

“We will get word to her husband in some mysterious way, now how is it to be done?”

“Let's see,” said Almira, thoughtfully—“Now I have it, let us write him an anonymous letter, and give him to understand that his wife is a town's talk, since she no doubt will be, soon, now that you and I have taken her case in hand.”

“That's it exactly, when shall we do it—to-day?”

“No, Maria, we will circulate the story a little first. I will be there to-morrow or next day. I must now go, in order to make a few more calls, and enlighten folks a little, so good morning, Maria, remember and do your part in this affair.”

fair fame, I will leave your side forever. You know I am almost a stranger in this place, and comparatively few are aware that we are related to each other, and seeing me often here it has caused remarks to be made, at least I overheard something to that effect this evening, while on my way here.”

Viroqua Sanford looked pained at this intelligence, so innocent and unsuspecting herself, she had not dreamed that the property of her cousin's frequent visits had a right to be questioned. Both were passionately fond of music, and most of the time they passed together, was devoted to this, their hobby.

Viroqua Sanford was not given to the vanities and skilled in the arts of the world; her home was her paradise, with its music and books. She joined not with the gossip, hence her indifference to the two persons who have already figured so conspicuously in our narrative. She rather shunned than courted society, realizing as she did, its polluted state, thus. Until Theodore Pollock came, which was two months previous, she had passed much of her time alone, as her husband was mostly at his counting room.

CHAPTER II.

It must be so—for Thomas Brown Esquire, heard Blah's wife tell the son of Mr. Smith, (him that was christened John after his sire—Men often to transmit their names desire.) That Higgins said, while he was walking with that charming maiden lady aged forty—“Telet's Miss Catchem (Higgins was her bean). She told him (confidentially) that naughty and prattling gossip, Mrs. Wilkins, thought she heard Pollock's cousin's sister's aunt say so.”

R. George Sanford stood by his desk, perusing a letter. As he read on and on, the light in his eye became fiercer and his anger perceptible. “Can it be that Viroqua, my wife, has so over stepped the bounds of propriety? Oh, heavens! I would not have thought it, but it is so strongly affirmed, here—and again he referred to the letter—that I have my fears. Theodore Pollock shall be denied access to my house, this very night,” he said, and away he stalked home, in all his anger.

“His brow was like the deep when tempest—”

Viroqua was reclining on the sofa as Mr. Sanford entered the drawing-room, but instead of hastening to her side, as was his wont to do, he only gave her a hasty, angry glance, and after slamming the door effectually, retreated from the room and sought his chamber. For a moment, Viroqua remained thunderstruck. Was her husband insane, or was he overwhelmed with anxiety and care by sudden loss of property? she resolved to solve the mystery, and accordingly hastened to his chamber. On asking him the cause of his disturbance, she was instantly ordered from his presence. This was almost a death stroke to the sensitive young wife, who had not become accustomed to harsh words from the lips of him she so tenderly loved. She instantly obeyed his commands, thus leaving him to his madness and folly. With both, the night wore away, wearily; Viroqua in doubt as to the cause of her husband's anger and he, bitter with reproaches towards his wife, the slanderer's victim. Oh why should he, above all others, who had long known the purity of that heart, which was all his, so readily adopt the sentiments of an other and that too, without the least cause, and that person could be? He slept but little during the night, but towards morning his better feelings in a measure, prevailed. He sought Viroqua, and revealed to her the cause of his displeasure and forbade further intimacy between her and her cousin. Days wore on, and often on his way to and from his place of business, he would overhear things similar to those contained in the letter by which he was so affected, and of course it could but irritate his feelings, thus causing him to be sullen and morose at home as well as elsewhere. Viroqua felt, more than any one else, the change of his manner, his love seemed turning to suspicion and distrust, and with the poet, she could but exclaim:

Better 'twere to be
Dap'd of the fond impossibility
Of light and radiance, which sleep's visions gave
Than thus to live, Suspicion's slave.

Theodore Pollock left the place, on being apprised of the bitter feelings entertained towards him by Mr. Sanford and now Viroqua was indeed alone. Music, in which the cousin's had so much delighted, lost its charm; her husband was cold and stern, and she naturally sank into a state bordering on despair. A slow lingering fever ensued, and the husband who once so doted on her charms, began to realize that disease was robbing him of all that had ever endeared life to him. And now the world, with its opinions and absurdities, amounted to little, compared with the love of the fair being whom he saw daily pining away; hence, he became a changed man. Fully confirmed of her innocence, and chagrined at the thought of his own distracting one so amiable, and good, he felt that sufficient reparation could not be made. No pains were spared for her recovery, and the once jealous husband wrote a pressing invitation to Theodore Pollock to come and make them a long visit.

CHAPTER III.

Pangs more corrosive and severe,
More fierce, poignant and intense,
Than ever hostile sword or spear
Wak'd in the breast of innocence.

Death is a fearful thing:
The wearied and most loathed earthly life
That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment
Can lay on nature, is a Paradise
To what we fear of death!

ONE morning, some six months after the commencement of our story, Mr. Sanford handed his wife a note, which he, that morning found at the post-office from Almira Price, requesting Mrs. Sanford to call upon her immediately, as she was very ill, and had something of importance to impart to her. Mrs. Sanford readily complied with her request, as it was scarcely noon when she found at the bedside of the invalid. Almira's physician had just left her, after assuring her that he could do no more for her, and she was so deeply affected that she could not speak to Mrs. Sanford for some minutes. At length, she reached out her thin, skeleton hand towards Viroqua, and said “Are you aware, best and noblest of women, how deeply I have wronged you, and do you know how much I have suffered with remorse over the injury I have done you?” On Mrs. Sanford's assuring her that she did not know that she had in any way injured her, Almira continued, “It was, who wrote your husband that letter, which, I know, for a time nearly destroyed your happiness as well as his, and why did I do it? Well, partly from envy I felt for you, but more to be avenged on Theodore Pollock, for, believe me, my friend, I have loved him even to distraction. It was years ago, but the manner in which he loved me, and the manner in which he despised my love, made me a maniac, almost, whenever I saw him, thought of him or heard anything concerning him. It was some six years ago we both lived in the town of M——. I was then young, and I supposed myself possessed of some attractions; Theodore and I often met. His lofty, noble manner soon won my heart, and one evening as we were gazing upon the starry heavens he discoursed so eloquently upon the beauties of nature, and upon other topics equally pleasing to my wild imagination that I dropped adoringly at his feet, pouring my tale of love into his ears. Oh, Mrs. Sanford, you ought to have seen him then. ‘Arise O foolish maid,’ he said, and the look he gave me followed me still. I have no love to give you—pure friendship, alone, such as I feel for any other human being, has prompted me to seek your society, so now let us part, Almira! so saying, he led me to my room and never more did we even speak of each other. From that hour I was a changed being. With a heart filled with agony and shame, I have sought to make others as miserable as myself. But now that I am on my dying bed, I am trying to make some atonement for the past. Mrs. Sanford, will you forgive me?”

“Yes, yes, with all my heart,” said Viroqua, pressing the hand of the invalid to her lips. At that moment the door opened and Theodore Pollock stood in the presence of the dying. He reached Mr. Sanford's house a few minutes after Viroqua left, and as Mr. Sanford informed him that Miss Price was dangerously ill, he felt a desire to see her once more, and ask her to forgive him for his rash reply on the night she so openly avowed her love for him. After being assured that he was forgiven he escorted Viroqua to her home. The next morning he left the place, as business would not permit of his remaining longer. Almira lived until the ensuing night, and then her spirit left its earthly tenement. The reader will notice that Almira did not expose her friend Mrs. Hallock, as being any way connected in the affair which caused so much unhappiness. Mrs. Hallock acknowledged her own error soon after Almira's decease. Mr. and Mrs. Sanford were now restored to happiness and peace, health again returned to the young, and still beautiful Viroqua and her virtues and charms remained as attractive as ever.

CHAPTER IV.

The waters foamed and roared,
The rain fell driving down—
The mist to Heaven's arch soared,
Earth wore a frown;
She went away that day,
She came back never more.
Oh, whether fed her spirit's soul?
Borne on the golden waves that roll—
And beat the timeless shore?

The rough wind yelled and shrieked,
The boat heeled madly by;
The pine's old branches creaked,
Black loomed the sky;
All night they burn a light
Within her home—
They spent the oil in vain,
She never came again;
She'll never come!

Peace is the evening star of the soul, as virtue is its sun, and the two are never very far apart.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

Reply to Hiawatha.

BY MINNEHARA.

I am not false! I am not false!
Though some may tell thee so;
My heart still beats for thee, my friend,
Believe me ere you go.
Sorrowers may say that I deceive,
Time yet will show to thee;
So I can feel that you believe
My heart to thee is true.

I am not false! I am not false!
Though some may tell thee yea,
(Unlike my foe) when'er I speak,
My heart's in what I say.
And though they tell thee I am false,
My heart still beats undiminished
And fervently for thee.

Then let them tell thee I am false,
So trusting you turn to me,
And say you disbelieve,
I hate their vile and slanderous tongues,
I hate their blackened hearts,
Which yet will sting with guilt's remorse
For all their meaning arts.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

JANE SHORE.

A Tale of Intemperance.

BY R. GRIFFIN STAPLES.

DOOR Jane Shore! 'Twas an inauspicious day, when thou, standing before the man of God, didst vow to love, honor, and obey him, whose name you bore. The very clouds which in the morning were but specks in the horizon, but which with evening grew dark and gathered thick on the brow of night, were surely, typical of the new life thou wert entering upon. The lurid lightning—and the sepulchral voice of the storm god, but shadowed the trials; the sorrow of thy future. Would God, it had been his will, thou hadst remained the simple minded, and beautiful belle of Cedar Vale, and thy name had ever been Jane Smiley—better thou hadst never been a wife—but it is not our province to enter fully into the detail of the life's history. Other pens than mine have doubtless given faithful pictures of the trials, the sufferings—ours is a mere sketch, and how ever unimportant we may consider ourselves to state in brief terms the more prominent of thy sorrows, we are not going to frame vain exclaims, sentimentalities of empty brains, and weak minds.

Reader, we have told you in our Prologue, who our heroine is, and who she was. We have said she was beautiful. To describe her in vain. Pen will not trace an outline sufficient, and we leave you to conceive what is left out—*loquax penna*.

Her hair flowed in flaxen curls upon her arched neck, and its dark shade lent a charm to her maiden brow of parian whiteness. Her blue eyes were but a reflex of the soul that dwelt within. Fair as a lily with the blush of the rose, she moved the graceful sylph, admired most among the most admired, little dreaming that she was the cynosure of all eyes.

Fatal day—fatal hour when she entrusted her destinies in the hands of one so like the April skies, fickle and unstable as the reed shaken by the winds.

Though a fatal mistake, it was one by no means uncommon. William Shore was handsome and intelligent, and the world considered it a very suitable match. The prospects were fair, when he started on the voyage of life, and many marriages have been made on a like basis.

Many a promising young lawyer, and many a promising young lecturer to her wild daughter, and worned her of her hidden manners in the society of William—telling her that he more prudent in future, or she would never secure William Shore for a beau, but alas, how often is the rose blighted in the bud, and the expanding leaf withered by the cold frosts of winter, and in this connection we quote the truthful lines of another:

“At hell's awake—the Dragon king
Hears his appointed fetters ring,
And, gauded by the dire promise,
Improves his closing hour of rage.
Stalking through earth's unfeeling bound,
He flings oblations—spells around;
His body legions through the way,
And doubly blind their willing prey;
With them to swift destruction hurled
A self sold, suicidal world;
Those who fondly look up and quake,
Man, the proud sleeper, will not wake.”

But we promised our readers, to give them a short sketch, in early summer, never was a sky more blue and cloudless in the month of June. The winds were but a whispering fall-breeze, and bore on their wings a pure unadorned breath of flowers blowing beautiful in our mountain home. Our trunk was lashed to the vehicle which was to convey us to the steamboat lying at the wharf, and whose iron nostrils were snorting the signal for its early departure.

After the boat had left its wharf, and we were gliding like a thing of life over the waters blue, I approached the venerable man, and introduced myself.

A few words on general topics, and I suddenly ceased talking and placed my gaze upon his female companion. A deep drawn sigh caused me again to look Mr. Shore in the face.

Poor thing, he exclaimed, how great has been his sufferings.

In your companion related to you, we ventured.

The question effected him much—covering his face with his hands, and bowing his head, we could easily perceive the storm of feelings raging and surging within. A few moments intervened, and we began to upbraid myself for venturing the question, when our friend lifted his eyes to our face, and seemed to be reading our very soul.

I am satisfied said he, after a moments pause, that it is not idle curiosity which prompted you to ask the question—and if I mistake not the open frankness of that brow, I can intrust you with a little of my companion's life's history—if my feelings will permit me.

You are right my venerable friend in your conjectures, we replied—not curiosity, but a common sympathy for my race, especially for those who are the subjects of sorrow—and if that one be a female—then it is we feel a double interest.

It was this chord of sympathy vibrating in our heart which gave speech to our lips.

Then listen my young friend, and I will relate all that my feelings will permit me, to the old man proceeded, with the details, as far as stated in our commencement. His eyes filled with tears, as he exclaimed, “Wm. Shore was my son!”

How often have my eyes rested upon him with pride, and how fancy pointed for him a fame, more renowned, and lasting. Poor Jane, I will do all for you that I can to atone for the life of wretchedness, which you led as the wife of my degenerate son, and he cast aside, yet loving glance towards the invalid.

That brow my friend, which is now of parian whiteness, and without expression, those cheeks sallow and sunken, and those lips so thin and compressed, are unlike the brow, the cheeks—the lips of the maiden, Jane Smiley—the young bride Jane Shore, as light is unlike darkness—or righteousness in contradistinction to sin.

They had not been married long ere the demon of black intemperance crept in, at the moderate glass, and gradually the growing appetite did its work, until the conscience was seared with an hot iron—and the demon triumphed.

A large practice dwindled down to nothing, for who could trust a case of importance with a lawyer, whose brains were steeped with the intoxicating drug which robs the man of his mind, and detracts all the brightness of his intellect.

The joys of home—the prattlings of infancy, the beauty of his wife, lost all their attractions, and the bar room—and such as frequent those dens of iniquity, were his companions. The shade of sorrow settling upon the soul, and embittering the life of his young wife, accepted no part of his thoughts. Night after night he was brought home in a beastly state of intoxication, and the heart of the young wife, and mother was made to bleed great drops of misery.

Once only there was an awakening. The little cottage home, around which clung the education and the rose, planted and trained by poor Jane, was no longer to afford them a home. The house and its surroundings, the beautiful gravelled walks, and all the attractions, which made it a home, were to pass into other hands, and a rude hut, was to afford them a shelter in the future.

Husband—but not so! the Providence of God, did not allow it.

William lived a sober man. His practice came back to him, and the community gradually gained confidence in him. During the period of abstinence I returned home, having finished my cruise. I immediately bought their little cottage, and re-inhabited them in their former home.

With increasing practice, and inflated with success, William was persuaded to enter the political world, and received the nomination by his party for the legislature, he was elected, and on the night which witnessed him first a legislator, also witnessed him again on the road to destruction—that night he was brought home, heavily intoxicated. The shock was too great for Jane, and she was laid upon a bed of sickness in consequence.

From that night, the course of William was downward. Entreaty was in vain—threats were useless. It seemed as if the very Demons of Hell had possession of his soul. He was dead to every feeling of humanity.

His course as a legislator ended with his first term. Nobody could entreat him for a second.

One night—oh, God, if I could blot out his memory. What a night? The very heavens were shrouded in gloom, and the storm god triumphed; at about the hour of midnight, William reached his home, the fire of Hell itself burning in his soul, and maddening his brain.

Jane met him as usual with a smile, wreathing her lips, he accused her of making sport of him—said she was laughing at his downfall, she pleaded with him, but all in vain, he turned her out of doors in the cold, and snow.

She sought to enter, but he slammed the door in her face, and turned the key. The fright took possession of her—the feelings of a mother arose in her breast, and she thought of her child, exposed to the wrath of a drunken parent. She entreated him to let her come in and get her child, if nothing more. All her entreaties were in vain. She gave up the endeavor, and sought my home. I immediately accompanied her. When we arrived, the drunken man was lying on the floor, asleep; breaking open the door we entered, but, oh, what a sight met our gaze—

He had murdered his own child!

From that moment to this, Jane has been a maniac. She speaks to no one, and although constantly gazing, it is a vacant stare, and she notices no one.

My son, was a double murderer!

A jury of his countrymen found him guilty, and he was sentenced to atone on the scaffold, but before the day arrived for his execution, stung with remorse, he took his own life.

Here the old man's narrative ended, and no longer able to contain his feeling he wept like a child.

The trip passed off as steamboat trips usually do. I questioned the venerable father no more, but on parting with him requested a correspondence, which he granted, and which was kept up, until the day of his death. For Jane did not last long, after my meeting with her, and I never saw her more, she passed quietly away, to rest in the arms of her God, freed from the trials and sorrows of this world of sin and folly.

If this humble sketch meets the eye of one person who tampers with the inebriating cup, I trust he will reflect on the fate of William Shore and resolve that if it causes his brother to offend, that he will never more look upon the wine “when it giveth its color in the cup”—for at last it “stingeth like an Adder.”

THE ELECTRIC CLOCK.—Few contrivances can be more remarkable than M. Bain's electric clock. It has no weight no spring no escapement, no winding up apparatus nor necessity for being wound up, no agency within itself for putting or keeping the hands in motion; the invisible power which actuates it is outside the clock—outside the house even in which the clock is contained. In a garden or other piece of ground is dug a hole four or five feet deep, and into this hole is thrown a layer of coke, then a layer of earth, and then a few zinc plates. A feeble but constant galvanic current is generated by the contact of the earth with the coke below it, and the zinc above it, without the aid of any other battery; and this current is conveyed in doors by copper wires. The wires from a coil round a magnet, and the electro-magnet thus formed is made to constitute the bob of the pendulum of the clock. Delicate and beautiful mechanism enables the electric apparatus to give a vibratory motion to the pendulum, and the pendulum in its turn to give motion to the two hands of a clock. The only winding up required by this extraordinary clock is a foot of zinc to the earth battery when it shall have become oxidized by long use.

A small printing office was despatched, a few days ago, from Paris, for Constantinople. The press is to be worked entirely by the ladies belonging to the harem of the great pasha residing on the Bosphorus. The books intended to be printed are works of amusement, translated from the French and English.—*Typographic Artist.*

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

ALONE.

BY LEWELLYN.

Even while beside the fountain bright
My harp's glad echoes roll,
In thrilling strains of rich delight,
A sadner fills my soul.
My glance meets no smiling eye,
I hear no kindly tone;
My bosom struggles with a sigh,
Because I am alone!

LEARNING TO SMOKE.—At least two great men escaped the habit of smoking, as will be learned below:

“Tobacco, when inhaled for the first time, commonly produces sensations the nature of which, too well remembered by those who have endured them, may be best explained to others by likening them to the horrors of nausea on board ship in a storm, but with more complete prostration and painful uneasiness. In many cases one experiment is enough to produce an unconquerable aversion to its ever being repeated. It led this result with Wellington, who once, and only once, smoked. On the evening of his first arrival from the Peninsula, at the inn at Portsmouth, he was induced to join the circle of smokers; but a few minutes sufficed to fix forever his hostility to what the always considered an odious habit. Napoleon's disgust was even more rapidly attained though he indulged in tobacco in the form of snuff to an extent supposed by few. It is Constant who tells of the emperor once taking a fancy to smoke, for the purpose of trying a fine oriental pipe presented to him by a Turkish or Persian ambassador. After being shown how to operate, he told Constant to light the pipe. “I obeyed, and returned it to him in order; but scarcely had he drawn in a mouthful when the smoke, which he knew not how to expell from his mouth, turned back into his palate, penetrated into his throat, and came out by the nose and blinded him.”

As soon as he recovered breath, he said, “Take that away from me—what abomination! Oh, the swine—my stomach turns!” In fact,” adds Constant, “he felt himself so annoyed for at least an hour, that he renounced forever the pleasure of a habit which he said was only fit to amuse school-boys.” The majority of those who submit to a first trial are not thus wisely cautioned. It is usually in boyhood that the trial is made, when the desire of appearing manly, and the shame of being despised by more hardened school-fellows, overcomes the discomfort of persevering in the attempt to learn the coveted accomplishment. The system by degrees becomes accustomed to the disturbance, and the habit, painfully acquired, becomes a cherished indulgence. When the constitution is naturally good, the healthy exercise of boyhood neutralises the evil effect of the drug; but in delicate frames, or where indolence is carried farther than the strength can bear, the foundation is laid for serious disorders.

THE SPLENDOR OF OLD DELHI.—The rich and splendid city of Delhi, the center of the present India troubles, was founded by the Mogul Shah Jehan, in 1632, on the west side of the river Jumna in the midst of a fertile plain. The palace, surrounded by a wall 80 feet high, of reddish stone, is built along the banks of the river, with gardens planted with orange groves and a-priort trees surrounding it. The Dargah-i-khas, or hall of audience, was the chief pride of the palace, and an inscription proclaimed, “if there be an elysium on earth, it is this—this is it!” In its palmey days it contained the famous throne, which stood on six legs of massive gold, set with rubies, emeralds and diamonds, with golden peaceocks, covered with precious stones and pearls, formed its canopy. The ceiling of this superb hall consisted of satin canopies, and the walls were hung with silken tapestries embroidered with gold. Here the great mogul, surrounded by officers in gorgeous dresses, gave audience to governors and ambassadors. On these state occasions he was attired in white satin covered with gold embroidery a turban of cloth of gold surmounted by the figure of a heron, whose feet were covered with large diamonds, and a collar of enormous pearls. The other chambers of the palace were no less magnificent, and the vaults were filled with countless treasure. The houses of the rich and luxurious ornate beautified the two principle streets of the city, but the houses of the poorest classes were mean and cluttered with straw.

CURIOUS.—There is a little stream which empties into Shasta Valley, about twenty miles west of the great Butte, which possesses the singular property of encrusting everything which falls into its waters with a complete coat of stone. Flowers, leaves, grass, pine buds, and things of that sort, will become completely encased in the course of a week or so, retaining in the process their natural form. During the winter of 1854 we saw this singular creek, and procured some fine specimens from it.—*Placerville Argus.*

If a cigar makes a man ill, will a cigarette make a man ill?



GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.
SATURDAY, MAY 15, 1888.

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England and France.

Strange are the friendships of nations. When it was to the interest of England and France that Russia should be checked, an alliance was soon made; old differences were forgotten, and the Queen and Emperor exchanged friendly visits, a circumstance that had not taken place for nearly four hundred years.

The war in the Crimea over, the alliance is continued in the prosecution of the war against China. But at present there is little use for it, and the formalities attending it, are but veils to hide the real hatred beneath, and the events of every month only serve to embitter this hatred and rend the veil. The present aspect of affairs forebodes trouble. Without a change beyond the present ken of reason, these friendly relations cannot remain long undisturbed.

The reader is informed of the attempt in January to assassinate Napoleon, and of the recent trial and execution of Rudin and Pierri. A Dr. Bernard, a Frenchman, has recently been tried in England, as an accomplice. His guilt was clearly proven. It was shown that he was aware of what was going on, that he purchased part of the materials used in the composition of the bombs, and that he officiated as the best friend of the conspirators in England. Notwithstanding this proof, Dr. Bernard was acquitted.

It yet remains to be seen what will be the final result. The difficulty about the island of Peru will receive a fresh impetus by this trial, as that is likely to be the splitting point.

Both England and France are ill prepared for collision of arms. The India war is draining the treasury and the army strength of England, and France is in but little better condition. For the mutual good of both countries, a war should be deprecated. We are inclined, however, from our present information of the condition of affairs in England and France, to look upon Napoleon's prospects as the better of the two governments; though it is suggested by some that in case of a war, there will be a revolution both in France and Spain.

But of these things we will abide our time; and if wars and rumors of wars must continue, may the waters of the broad Atlantic ever separate between them and our land of freedom, peace and prosperity.

VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL CONCERT: Prof. Rives, the Blind Pianist and Vocalist, assisted by the Clary Brothers, Violinist and Violoncello, who have been playing in the Baltimore Theatre with marked success, will give one of their Chaste and Popular Entertainments at the Young Men's Hall on Thursday evening 13th.

The object of these entertainments is to enable Prof. Rives to procure a Library of Books with Raised letters, and it is hoped that a kind public will assist him in his laudable effort.

The programme shows a choice collection of Music, and Prof. Rives has letters of high recommendation as to character and skill.

Tickets can be had at the Hotels and Drug Stores.

"THE REGULATORS" is the name of a new Military Company which was organized in this place on last Tuesday. The meeting was well attended and much of the zeal and patriotism of "The Regulators" of Revolutionary memory, was manifested. Of course many of the members of this company are descendants of those brave and fearless men who lived and operated in this section of the State, and who struck the first blow in favor of American Independence. Their Anniversary will be on the 19th of May, the day when the battle of Alamance was fought. We anticipate quite a treat on the 19th May, 1859, and hope no adverse wind may ever blast so fair a bud of promise. The officers for ensuing year were elected as follows:

Captain—John Sloan.
1st Lieut.—William P. Moring.
2nd Lieut.—John A. Pritchett.
3rd Lieut.—William Adams.
Ensign—James T. Morehead, Jr.

The Virginia Banks resumed specie payment on the 1st instant.

Death of Senator Evans.

Hon. Josiah J. Evans, Senator from South Carolina, died suddenly in Washington, D. C., on Friday last. His death was caused, it is supposed, by disease of the heart. Had he lived until next October, he would have reached the age of 72 years.

Judge Evans was a gentleman of a highly practical order of mind—a learned and industrious jurist, having been transferred from the bench of South Carolina to the Senate of the United States. He was not regarded as a brilliant man, did not often speak in the Senate, but when he did speak, his remarks were to the point, and exhibited an intimate acquaintance with the subject before him. His home was in the village of Society Hill, Darlington District, S. C., in which, and in Chesterfield District, he owned large possessions.

MORNING PRAYER-MEETINGS.—The union prayer-meetings commenced several weeks since, in this place are still continued, and we doubt not are having a very salutary influence upon the whole community. The fact that every morning before commencing the labors of the day, so many meet together in the "Young Men's Hall," and exhibit such a degree of attention and interest, is sufficient testimony that these union prayer-meetings are exerting an influence for good, leading many to serious thought and weakening the strong holds of vice.

In thus beginning the exercises of each day in devoting the first hour in a united service of Him who holds the destinies of all men in his hands, there is a peculiar appropriateness. And we look upon it as a service in which not only the professed Christian should engage, but all believers in the existence of a God. We are taught that "Righteousness exalteth a nation," but sin is a reproach to any people. If we would prosper in life, succeed in our worldly avocations and build up a community or nation, it is as essential to have the blessings of God upon us, as it is in seeking a change of heart and striving to live the life of the righteous. Whether a man goes to his merchandise, his money table or his work bench, it is meet and proper first to ask the blessings of God upon the intended efforts of the day; and if any man's labor is such as he cannot consistently invoke upon it the blessings of God, truly indeed is he in a critical position. Far better for him had he never been born; for though he may, through the long forbearance and tender mercies of God, prosper for a season, yet when we look for him again, his place shall know him not, for he shall suddenly be cut off.

We hope these meetings may continue, that the interest in them may increase, and the disposition to attend punctually and daily between the hours of seven and eight, as heretofore exhibited by the old and young; the ladies as well as the gentlemen, may have no abatement. Let not light excuses turn us aside, but of all duties of the day, attend to this first. We may then confidently expect to prosper in life, to see the blighting milder of vice fade away as mist before the rising sun, and the church to arise and shine as a light in darkness.

EMORY AND HENRY COLLEGE, Va. We are indebted to a friend for a ticket to the annual celebration of the Hermon Society, June 8th. Rev. N. F. Ried of this State, will deliver the address before the Society; I. E. Shumate of Virginia, will deliver the address to the Senior class, and S. T. Williams, of North Carolina, will respond.

Of the operations of the College during the past year, we learn that there were 247 students. There are 14 contestants for the "Robertson Prize" for eloquence. Four eighteen dollar medals will also be awarded on the 8th June for excellence in Greek, Latin and Natural Science.

Address before the two Literary Societies on commencement day, the 9th, by Rev. J. A. Duncan, of Richmond, Va.—Baccalaureate, Sermon by Rev. G. W. Carter, Lynchburg, Va., and address before the Colloquian Society, evening of same day, by Prof. J. G. Buchanan.

THE UNIVERSITY COMMENCEMENT.—The Commencement day of the University is the first Thursday in June, the exercises commencing on the Monday preceding. This year they will commence on the 5th of May. In addition to the usual Sermons and Addresses, we understand that the new monument erected to the memory of Dr. Caldwell, will be inaugurated with suitable ceremony, an address delivered by ex-Gov. Manly. Also an Eulogy pronounced upon the late Dr. Mitchell.

The University Magazine gives the following description of the monument:

The Caldwell Monument, which was received last Winter, is now being erected just in front of the old Chapel about half way between the two principal walks, which lead up to the College buildings from Franklin street. It consists of three blocks of White Marble surmounted by a long tapering shaft of the same color. It is altogether about thirty feet high, and will look very well surrounded by green trees and shrubbery. On one side of the topmost block is the following inscription:

IN GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGMENT
OF HIS OBLIGATIONS TO THE
FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE UNIVERSITY
JOSEPH CALDWELL, D. D.
THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES
AND THE GOVERNOR OF NORTH CAROLINA
RAISED THIS MONUMENT,
A. D. 1847.

CHARLETON ARSENAL.—Capt. Gorgas has been ordered to the command of the Charleston Arsenal.

Leisure Readings;

OR
A few of the best things
WE FIND IN
Books, Reviews, Magazines, and Papers.

SELDOM, or never have we seen so much history compressed in so small a space; and with so many characters displaying their appropriate parts, as in the following chapter we find in the May number of the Eclectic Magazine. The reader, the least conversant with classical history, will find every character and country spoken of, drawn perfectly accurate to nature and presented in a very forcible light. We present the chapter as instructive and well written. It speaks more particularly of the ancient historian, Herodotus, but is headed—

Studies in History.

The summer sun beats down on the towers and domes of Peloponnesian Elis, and from that city heralds have gone forth to proclaim a sacred truce throughout Greece during the celebration of the Olympic games. Soon every approach to the capital is thronged with men eager for the spectacle. The warlike Macedonian, the rugged Thessalian, the dull Boeotian, the stately Athenian, the peaceful Arcadian, and the keen-witted Spartan, have alike one common object. The Egyptian and Ionian seas are covered with gaily-decked vessels from the many islands of Greece. Lemnos, darkened by the huge shadow of the Athos, sends up its representatives, on whose false beards a still darker shadow rests. Chios, not un mindful of that blind old man who, more than four hundred years before, had left its rocky shores to sing of the siege of Troy and the wanderings of Ulysses, appoints deputies well skilled in commemorating the noble deeds of noble men. Naxos, whose purple grapes the rich Athenian loves, and whose strength the Persian felt at the battle of Plataea, has trained a study race as easily won as a chaplet as tread a wine-press. Paros has bidden its sculptors make ready their blocks and chisels, for the victors will have their statues of no other marble than that which is hewn from their quarries, which is of so white a hue and so close a grain. Whilst the women and slingers of Crete, the divers of Cythera, the inhospitable Ithacan, and the seafaring Cereyrian, lend their sails to the sacred city of Olympia.

But among the number of the journeyers are those that have made themselves a name for all time—generals, statesmen, philosophers, poets. These are the brave and handsome Cimon, whose impulsive countenance has just recalled from that banishment to which their ingratitude had hurried him. He is tall and majestic, and his hair falls in clustering curls upon his shoulders. By his side, and no longer at enmity with him, is Pericles, distinguished by a vigorous frame, grave aspect, and simple costume. His head, carefully covered, is of unusual length, and the comic poets, in allusion to this defect, style him onion-headed. That venerable-looking man, a few paces from him, is Anaxagoras, who, poor and friendless, has had to remind his former pupil that those who have need of a lamp must take care to supply it with oil. Near the philosopher is a sculptor whom Pericles has befriended, and whose works are of wonderful merit; for by Greece has admired the ivory and gold statue of Jupiter which stands in the temple of that deity at Olympia; and to compare this with his last masterpiece is the chief object of Phidias in that city. There, too, is one of noble bearing, in the prime of manhood, the greatest tragic poet then living, the wise and accomplished Sophocles. He is in eager conversation with a young man from a manuscript which he carries in his hand, and which the latter intends to read at the approaching festival. That manuscript is the first famous Grecian history which has been written, and that young man is Herodotus.

He is about twenty-eight years of age, and was born at Halicarnassus, in Asia Minor, B. C. 484. The name of his father is Lyxes; of his mother, Dyo; and he had an uncle who possessed considerable poetical powers, named Panyasis, but who was cruelly put to death by Lygdamis, the tyrant of Halicarnassus. At the age of twenty-five, Herodotus leaves the home of his fathers and the study of his favorite authors, Homer, Hesiod, Simonides, and Aeschylus, for the observation of men and manners in other countries. He travels into Scythia, where he hears strange stories of goat-footed men, of men who slept six months at a time, who fed on serpents and screeched like bats; into Egypt, and measures two of the pyramids, inquires concerning the source of the Nile, and sees the sacred crocodiles, with their crystal and gold ear-rings and bracelets on their fore-paws. He also visits Syria and Palestine, the northern parts of Africa, Ecbatana, and Babylon. After a while, however, he gets tired of a wanderer's life, and his heart yearns to return to his native place. But Lygdamis still lives. The lover of liberty can not breathe the same air as the oppressor, so he turns aside to the friendly Isle of Samos, and carries on a secret communication with his adherents. At length the tyrant is deposed, and the blood of Panyasis is avenged. Yet Halicarnassus is not free. The nobles, fond of government; and, finding that he can not prove a second time the deliverer of his country, he leaves it forever, and now seeks, at the Olympic festival, the honor which he is denied at home.

The games have commenced when that goodly company arrives at the scene of their celebration. The wrestler has thrice thrown his hardy foe. The rapid runner has reached the appointed goal. The boxer has dealt his antagonist a final blow. High into the air has hissed the heavy quoit. The javelin has sped a wonderful length. Twelve times has the chariot circled the course. Already the victor wears the crown of sacred olive, and hears his name proclaimed aloud by the herald. Already he sees the triumphal car which is to bear him to his native city, the barques given in his honor, the statue raised in the market-place, and the name handed down to a remote posterity by the immortal verse of the hoary-headed Pindar himself.

And now begin the contests in eloquence, in poetry, and music. The Arcadian piper meets not his fellows in the soothing strain. The harpers of Aolia win the guerdon from the cunning players of Rhodes. The rhapsodist of Corinth bear the palm from the minstrels of Argos. The poets of Athens find in those of Lesbos and Teos not unworthy successors to Pindar and Anacreon. Anon Sophocles motions to Herodotus to rise. And the young man, roused by the greatness of the occasion, recites in stirring tones the history of his researches—the river Alpheus, which flows at his feet, presenting an emblem of his career, while running on in obscurity, but at length emerging into light, life, and liberty.

He tells how, after the Athenians had burnt Sardis, Darius took bow and arrows, and, like Israel's monarch, shot towards heaven, saying: "So may I be avenged on my enemies." How he commanded one of his attendants, every time dinner was set before him, to repeat thrice: "Sire, remember the Athenians." How, when he sent heralds into Greece to demand earth and water, in token of submission, the men of Athens cast them into a well, and bade them carry earth and water to the king from thence. How Xerxes, his son and successor, in a vision of the night saw himself crowned with the sprig of an olive tree, the branches of which covered the whole earth; and how, in supposed obedience to the vision, he prepared to invade Greece, with an immense army gathered from many nations and tribes. How bravely the Persians were equipped, with their diadems, breastplates, and bucklers; the Indians with their colored tunics, bows of cane, and iron-tipped arrows; the Caspians with their goat-skin mantles and bright flashing cinetures; the Ethiopians with their panthers' and lions' skins, and bows of ebony; the Paphlagonians with their plumed helmets; the Colchians with their shields of raw hides, the Thracians with their cloaks of many colors. How, seated on a lofty throne of white marble, Xerxes beheld the whole host, and how he wept at the thought that not one of that countless number would survive to the hundredth year.

Then the historian tells of Grecian courage, and his eye glitters and his voice trembles. He tells of the reply of the Spartan ambassadors to the Persian general who advised them to submit to his sovereignty: "You know well," said they, "what it is to be a slave, but you know not what it is to be free; for had you tried liberty, you would advise us to fight for it, not with spears but with hatchets." He tells of the saying of the Lacedaemonian soldier, who, when a faint-hearted ally declared that the number of the Median arrows would darken the sun, answered: "We will then fight in the shade." He tells of the intrepid Spartans at Thermopylae, performing their exercise and combatting their fear, according to their custom when about to fight for life and honor. He tells of one of their heroes who, being dismissed from his post on account of sudden blindness, ordered his slave to lead him to the battle, and, rushing headlong on the foe, perished on the field of conflict. He tells of the fall of Leonidas and the Three Hundred, of the stone lion raised to his memory at the entrance to the pass; and of the inscription placed over all: "Stranger, go tell the Lacedaemonians that we lie here, obedient to their commands."

When he pronounced these words, there went up a shout from the assembled multitude, which rent the air. The mariners in charge of the vessels caught up the cheer. The neighboring islands echo it back. The Ionian sea rings again. Herodotus' face is won.

But of the succeeding years of his life—what other triumphs he achieved, what other countries he visited—little is recorded. We know, however, that he traveled through the Grecian provinces for the purpose of improving his great work; that he again recited it at one of the Athenian festivals; that he was presented by the assembly with ten talents of the public money; that he at length settled in Italy, and died, full of days, some time subsequent to the year 408 B. C. His monument, placed outside one of the gates of Athens, soon fell into decay; but there is one, raised in the heart of every lover of heroism, liberty, and learning, which still endures.

EXTRAORDINARY ENERGY.—The subjoined paragraph we find in the St. Louis correspondence of a Chicago paper. The government contractors to supply the army of Utah with horses have displayed an energy which deserves especial note, while their promptitude in the execution of the contracts is an ample vindication of the selection by the Secretary of War for this important service. The activity of the contractors is indeed extraordinary:

"In nineteen days after signing the government contract for all the horses that Mr. Buchanan wanted during the year 1858, Messrs. L. P. Sanger, John Friuk, Thos. Dyer, and J. W. Singleton, all Illinoisians—bought and paid for seven hundred horses, without one cent of government funds, and had them all collected and delivered at Fort Leavenworth. When we take into consideration the constant rains, the swollen rivers, the necessity of transporting all these animals by railroad and steamboat, and the terrible scarcity of money, with the doubt of the passage of the deficiency bill hanging over them, I say there are few men in the nation who could have done the same thing, in the same length of time, without a dollar from the government."

ATLANTA MEDICAL COLLEGE.—It is with pleasure, says the La Grange Reporter, we record the fact, that this institution was opened on Monday last, and the introductory lecture was pronounced by Dr. Willis P. Westmoreland, Professor of Surgery in that institution. We are also glad to learn that the number of students, present at the opening were almost double the number who have attended at the opening of any previous course of the institution. And we are more than gratified to be able to record such a glorious triumph of the institution; and we trust that its prosperity may far exceed the anticipations of its best friends.

THE ASTOR LIBRARY.—William B. Astor has in the process of erection an addition to the Astor Library, equal in size to that of the original one. It is built on the north side of the old building, and is a fine simile of that in all respects. In his own lifetime he intends to see the work completed. The new edifice will cost \$100,000, exclusive of the land, and when it is done Mr. Astor will furnish it complete and dedicate the whole—land, edifice and books—to the city of New York.

Our Book Table.

BIOGRAPHY OF ELISHA KENT KANE.—By William Elder. Philadelphia: Childs & Peterson. 1858.

We are indebted to the Publishers for a copy of this work, and from the slight examination we have been able to bestow upon it, we have no hesitation in giving the work a full and unequivocal commendation. Though Dr. Kane was comparatively a young man at the time of his death, yet no man has within his time stood more prominently before the public as a man of daring adventure, and self-sacrificing through principles of patriotism and philanthropy.

The histories of his Arctic voyages are magnificent monuments to his fame; and if all else of his history were blotted out, these alone would transmit his bravery, his nobleness of spirit and his sufferings, to all succeeding ages; but these form only a closing chapter in the life of one whose history is full of instruction; patriotic services; adventure; perils by land and sea, with the civilized and barbarian; as foreign Minister for a number of years; as an adventurer in the Chinese Empire, in India, in Persia and Syria, in Egypt, in Greece, in the Pacific Islands, in Germany, Switzerland, Italy, France and England; and subsequently as Surgeon in the United States Navy all the world over; and as occupying a prominent position in the Mexican war.

And to know the man, to be conversant with his thoughts, feelings and motives, requires something more than can be gained from the perusal of his own writings. It requires a memoir of the man, of the training of his youth, of his social and political relations. And we feel prepared to say that Dr. Elder has met the demands and given us a memoir doing honor to Dr. Kane, his native land and to himself.

In reading this admirable work, so admirably gotten up by the Publishers, we feel that Dr. Kane, though dead, yet speaketh.

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time;

Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing over life's solemn main,
A friend and shipwreck brother,
Seeing, shall think heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate,
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait."

PRIVATE CORNER.

LOTTIE LINWOOD.—A most delightful letter, and all for the Editors. Thank you sincerely and shall be glad to receive such letters, so pleasantly written, as oft as you may. But the reader is not overlooked. "Dread On," "To Emma," and "A Fragment" are beautiful specimens of Lottie's poetical talents. MATILDA.—How fortunate! Another delightful letter with a handful of poems. "Matilda" is loved by every reader of the Times, and this acknowledgment will awaken in them an anxiety for the next several numbers of the Times. We are anxious to know and to tell our readers when Matilda's new volume of poems will be ready for the press. Will she not tell us? ANNA and "Dying Songster" are two sad but beautiful songs by WILD ROSE. They touchingly the deep fondness of the heart. FLETA.—A young North Carolina poetess of whom we are justly proud in the name of our native State. W. B. SMITH.—"Be Still Sad Heart" accepted and shall appear soon. Your letter of 10th perfectly satisfactory. M. D. WILLIAMS.—We will present your poem, "Childhood's Home," as soon as we can find room. It shows much of the poetic fire.

THE ARMY FOR UTAH.—Major General Smith has issued elaborate orders relative to the movement of the trains and troops of the Utah forces. The trains are to be divided into divisions of two hundred and twenty-six each, and the troops will be organized into columns, each column constituting the escort of a division. A general supply train, and the first column, under command of Lieutenant Colonel Andrews, are already organized and ordered to march. The second column, under Lieutenant Colonel Monroe, composing the escort of the first division of supplies, march from Leavenworth on the 15th instant. The third column under Colonel May, marches on the 20th. The fourth column, under Colonel Morrison, marches on the 25th. The fifth column, under Colonel Sumner, marches on the 30th. The sixth column, under Major Emory, marches on the 4th of June. These columns for the present constitute the first brigade of Utah forces under command of General Harney. Each column is to be supplied with four months' provisions, which are to be replenished when passing Fort Kearny and Laramie. Gen. Smith is yet in St. Louis, and it is stated that his health is such as to require him to remain there a short period. Four companies of the sixth infantry left Leavenworth on the 6th instant. One company from Fort Riley will join them at Fort Kearny. John Hartnett, Secretary for Utah, left on the 8th for Leavenworth.

THE PALMETTO REGIMENT.—The celebration of the anniversary of the Palmetto Association at Columbia, S. C., on the 4th, passed off with considerable eclat. Gen. J. A. Quitman delivered an Address, in the course of which he settled the disputed point about whose flag was first raised over the city of Mexico. When the walls of the city were gained, he (Quitman) called for a flag, and immediately Maj. Gladden of the S. C. Regiment rushed forward with the Palmetto flag, and it was planted on the walls.

CAN ACTORS AND MUSICIANS BE CHRISTIANS?—Bishop Eastburn has declined to confirm "Honest Tom Comer," because he leads an orchestra in the Boston Theatre. Bishop Kip, of California, has just submitted the rite of confirmation to Mrs. Julia Dean Heyne, the well-known actress; and Fanny Kemble Butler is a regular communicant of the Episcopal Church.

THE BIRTH PLACE OF WASHINGTON: Gov. Wise, during his recent visit to the county of Westmoreland, completed the negotiations for the transfer, to the State, of the birth-spot of Washington and the burial-place of the Washington family.—Mr. Wilson, the proprietor of the Wakefield estate, consents to give up an acre of ground, comprising the site of the house in which Washington was born. This area will be enclosed with an iron fence, and an appropriate monument erected on the spot. The negotiation includes the right of way across the plantation, to the road and to the vault; and this latter place is also to be enclosed and improved.

SOUTHERN BOOKS.—The importance of publishing our own books is universally admitted. The Southern Commercial Convention has called attention to this untakenable feature of Southern policy; recommending that the amount necessary to begin the enterprise shall be supplied by the several State Legislatures conjointly. Our friends of the Southern Methodist Church, have actually accomplished that policy which the resolutions of the Convention were designed to initiate. We suppose that few persons are aware that in the short period of three years, they have actually put into successful operation a first class publishing house, capable of competing with those of New York and Philadelphia. They have issued near 300 distinct works; some of which have had a sale of from 20,000 to 60,000 copies each.—One hundred and twenty works have been published by them, which have not before been published in this country; of this number 108 are from Southern authors.—The alphabetical catalogue of the publications of the house is now before us, and consists of 49 pages, 12mo.

When it is remembered that in the item of school books alone, we are annually paying tens of thousands of dollars for works, which whatever may be their literary value, contain the most incendiary matter, and in their general influence are inimical to the social constitution of the South, every true friend of the South will appreciate just so marked a step towards true independence.—N. O. True Delta.

Aid to the Mount Vernon Fund.

Sons and Daughters of Washington, throughout our land, who are desirous of aiding the Southern Matron, in the noble work in which she is engaged—that of collecting means for the purchase of the Home and Grave of our beloved Washington at Mount Vernon—can do so by forming clubs of ten, twenty or more persons, and remitting (with names) to the Secretary of the Association, the same amount in dollars for the beautiful Gold Mounted Oil Portrait of the Father of his Country after the original of Gilbert Stuart.

This plan entered into with friends and neighbors, relieves the Association from the necessity of forwarding single copies when ordered—the transmission of which is attended with so much more trouble and expense—especially when sent to remote quarters of the Country, while by the plan proposed, the farthest point can be reached, and each person composing a club of a dozen or more, can possess this picture at a trifling cost of Express charges. Parcels of 5, 10, 20, 25 or 50 copies will be carefully put up and sent to any point of address, on the receipt of one dollar for each picture ordered. Thus, five dollars remitted for five pictures; ten dollars for ten; twenty dollars for twenty, &c.

Persons in Virginia, or States where there is no Secretary of the Association nearer than Richmond, will address orders at that city to the Southern Matron, or Mrs. S. L. Pellet, Corresponding Secretary.

Also, Miss L. S. Porter, Charleston, South Carolina.

Madame Octavia Walton LeVert, Mobile, Alabama.

Mrs. William Richardson, Louisville, Kentucky.

Mrs. R. R. Walton, St. Louis, Missouri.

Mrs. S. B. Fogg, Nashville, Tennessee.

Mrs. S. C. Duncan, New Orleans, Louisiana.

Honorable William L. Yancy, Montgomery, Alabama.

Each of the above will forward and supply all orders.

A favorable opportunity is now offered to every family in the land of contributing to this noble cause by the purchase of this Portrait, and what better memorial can one possess than such an appropriate speaking Souvenir?

Patriotic hearts! awaken to this honorable duty and deed of love, let not your ear of pulse be closed to such a trivial request; so deserving an object, gracefully and earnestly pleaded for by Woman, on this her chosen mission of love and peace. Lay your hands cheerfully to the task, and see which of our fair country women in generous hearts men of the land will send to the Southern Matron, or such Secretaries as are nearest to you, the largest club.

Together with woman's persuasive influence is added that of the eloquent son of Massachusetts, the Honorable Edward Everett, whose noble efforts in behalf of the Association, thus far, have been crowned with the highest success. That gentleman recently said in a public address at Richmond, that he would deliver his Oration on Washington seven hundred and seventy times if the people desired it.

(He having already delivered it for the benefit of the Mt. Vernon Fund seventy times, yielding over forty thousand dollars,) also with such co-workers as the Honorable William L. Yancy, of Alabama, Dawson, of Georgia, and other eloquent voices in this labor of love, who can she fail in rescuing from oblivion the Home and Tomb of our beloved and immortal Washington.

JUDGE O'NEILL.—This distinguished man writing to the Newbury Rising Sun, speaking of the recent snow storm and severe frost, makes the following comments:

What an awful judgement upon our sinful country, to be visited with a snow storm and frost, the last days of April. I never felt more solemn than I did on Monday. It seemed to me as if God was speaking in the storm, and admonishing us against the sins of the land. Think you, that God does not deal with us as he did with the children of Israel? I believe that he does, and that his warnings are every day in the land, but we heed them not, and we are rushing on to disunion and anarchy, and to the overturning of the best government which God ever gave to man. The Northern fanaticism is likely to have the effect of bringing ruin down upon themselves and others.

WILMINGTON HERALD.—The issue for May 10 comes out in a new and beautiful dress, the seventh anniversary day of its existence. We notice in this issue that Messrs. Charles E. & Ravenscroft Burr, brothers of the late editor, have purchased the Herald Office, and make quite a promising salutary as the new editors and proprietors. The Herald has always been and no doubt will continue to be an excellent commercial and news paper. Politics—American Whig. Daily \$6—Weekly \$2.

HON. T. L. CLINGMAN.—Has been appointed U. S. Senator from North Carolina to supply the vacancy occasioned by the appointment of Hon. Asa Biggs to a Judgeship.

MRS. A. P. ECKLE will please accept of the most grateful acknowledgments of the Editors of the Times, for the present of a large silver basket of rich and beautiful flowers.

THE CENTRAL ROUTE.—A traveler writes to the Columbia Carolinian as follows: The North Carolina Central Road is one of the finest in the United States, and it is managed, as are the others on this line, with great care and efficiency. A great relief to passengers is the new arrangement of a baggage master on the Raleigh and Gaston road, to change checks and save them any trouble about the baggage, at the great confusion of Weldon where so many roads meet.

THE BIRTH PLACE OF WASHINGTON: Gov. Wise, during his recent visit to the county of Westmoreland, completed the negotiations for the transfer, to the State, of the birth-spot of Washington and the burial-place of the Washington family.—Mr. Wilson, the proprietor of the Wakefield estate, consents to give up an acre of ground, comprising the site of the house in which Washington was born. This area will be enclosed with an iron fence, and an appropriate monument erected on the spot. The negotiation includes the right of way across the plantation, to the road and to the vault; and this latter place is also to be enclosed and improved.

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SOUTHERN BOOKS.—The importance of publishing our own books is universally admitted. The Southern Commercial Convention has called attention to this untakenable feature of Southern policy; recommending that the amount necessary to begin the enterprise shall be supplied by the several State Legislatures conjointly. Our friends of the Southern Methodist Church, have actually accomplished that policy which the resolutions of the Convention were designed to initiate. We suppose that few persons are aware that in the short period of three years, they have actually put into successful operation a first class publishing house, capable of competing with those of New York and Philadelphia. They have issued near 300 distinct works; some of which have had a sale of from 20,000 to 60,000 copies each.—One hundred and twenty works have been published by them, which have not before been published in this country; of this number 108 are from Southern authors.—The alphabetical catalogue of the publications of the house is now before us, and consists of 49 pages, 12mo.

When it is remembered that in the item of school books alone, we are annually paying tens of thousands of dollars for works, which whatever may be their literary value, contain the most incendiary matter, and in their general influence are inimical to the social constitution of the South, every true friend of the South will appreciate just so marked a step towards true independence.—N. O. True Delta.

Mr. Hunter's Lecture.

We had the pleasure, on Friday night for the first time, to hear this gifted orator, from South Carolina, deliver a lecture. He has been lecturing in our town during the past week on different subjects, but absence from home prevented our attending his lectures. We are told that they were entertaining and instructive in the highest degree, and the good impressions which he made upon the minds of the young will never be lost. His subject on Friday night was, "Temperance," and in treating it he proved the temperance cause is not a failure, although it has been on the wane for a number of years. One remark Mr. Hunter made deserves to be remembered. It is that, "God never created anything on the earth containing a particle of alcohol; and that alcohol could not be made without the works of God being perverted. If it was of use to mankind, it would be seen pouring in streams from the mountains and hills, like the pure streams that give health and vigor to all." Mr. Hunter advised the organization of a temperance society in our town, for the ladies, the men, and the boys. We hope that this suggestion may be acted on at once, and that a new and happy era may soon dawn upon us.—Danville News.

GOOD NEWS FROM THE INDIANS.—By the arrival of the steamer from Key West Tampa, &c., on Thursday, we are placed in possession of the gratifying intelligence, through Gen. Carter, who came on a passenger, that 117 Indians were in at Fort Myers, ready to emigrate! This number is composed of 33 warriors and 84 women and children, and constitutes the bands of Kowlegs and Assinwah. Both of these chiefs are present, with all their "plunder," ready to move at any time. The rest of the hostiles consist of Sam Jones' band, numbering 23 warriors 13 of the "Markoe" tribe and 7 Tallahassee. A part of the Arkansas delegation had gone in quest of these, with a prospect of securing the emigration of the most, if not all of them. Sam Jones is helpless and nearly blind and averse to moving, but the most of his warriors are willing to go, and asked a few days in which to operate upon the balance. On the whole the prospect of getting the Indians off is most flattering—thanks to the efforts of our noble volunteers.

The Indians are represented as being almost without clothing and ammunition. Major Rector, the government agent having charge of the emigration, will pay them nothing until they are aboard of the steamer and properly registered. This precaution seems to be satisfactory. The number of warriors returned is only 70—considerably less than has been generally supposed to be in the nation, though with the addition of those killed, the number will be found to correspond pretty accurately with the estimate made by Capt. Casey.—Tallahassee Floridian May 1.

BISHOP SOULE.—The Senior Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church was

Notes on Literature.

BY GEO. W. COTTERMAN.
LORD BYRON.

The main characteristics of Byron's genius, says Giles, it needs no profound sagacity to discern; they are obvious on the face of his composition; they are strength of passion and strength of will; co-ordinated by a keen intellect, aided by a memory, not of pious learning, but of instinctive facility, enlivened by a fancy of exhaustless association; these attributes give to Byron his peculiar and his power. This strength of passion and strength of will are embodied in all his impersonations. Pilgrims or corsairs, brigands or bravos, out-casts or apostates, whatever be their outward costume or their outward lot, they are all thus distinguished. A certain intensity of consciousness or intensity of action is the law of their poetical existence. A life within that must be, of concentrated feeling or concentrated purpose; a life without there must be, of daring or ambition, of danger which knows but death or triumph. And they must be independent as well as intense; impregnable of soul in right or wrong; in all fortunes masters of their own fate; in defeat they must ask no quarter; in adversity no pity; in suffering they must make no moan; if their hopes are struck, these hopes must die without complaint, and find a silent burial in the broken heart. The beings that Byron conceived in fiction, and those with whom he sympathized in history, are beings of turbulent, but of isolated souls; beings that struggle and that suffer, but that can not be subdued; beings with whom life must cease to be a desire, when it ceases to be a travail. To such purpose is the impassioned confession of the Ghaour:

"My days though few, have passed below
In much of joy, but more of woe,
Yet still in hours of love or strife
I've reaped the weariness of life;
Now loathed with friends, the new girl with foes,
I loathed the languor of repose;
Now nothing left to love or hate;
No more with hope or pride elate,
I'd rather be the thing that crawls
Most noxious of a serpent's walls,
Than pass my dull unvarying days
Condemned to meditate and gaze,
For woe is a wish within my heart,
Yet rest—but not to feel—is rest."

This force of inward life connected with a most happy aptitude of utterance, renders Byron a supreme master of language and description. Of all English poets, he is properly the most eloquent. Diction and thought with Byron are not, as the garret and the body, but as the body and the soul, mutually intermingled and co-existent, melting each into each, and thus blended, forming an inseparable and a living totality. Words, as we know, to will, and every word was the conductor of an impulse or the mirror of a thought. By his wonderful command of language, Byron combines passion and description in a manner which, if all other claims failed, would entitle him to the praise of a special originality. Creation, in his descriptive passages, seems articulate. The elements seem fraught with human consciousness; and human consciousness seems to assume the might of the elements. The tempest lashes ocean with the resentment of his anger; and man rushes against his fellow with the fury of the deep. Nor is Byron less powerful in the expression of passion simply. Sober, hate, contempt, derision, come in a boiling torrent from his heated breast, with a vehemence which will not be impeded, and a rapidity which leaves no time for chill. But sentiments nobler than these come from the heart of Byron to his words. Whose words more than Byron's have been hymned with honor the memories of the brave? Whose words more than his have chanted sadder requiems amidst the graves of heroes? Whose words have been hurled with more potent strength than his, at tyrants within their living walls of hireling words, that like electric fire, glanced along the fetters of the bound, and loosened, if they did not break their chains? Is their eloquence more inspiring, is their eloquence more exciting, than the appeals of Byron to the Greeks? Were there not tones from this youthful and titled Briton, which might almost stir Demosthenes in his grave, and could he not rejoice that Greece, even in her misery, could awaken an enthusiasm kindred to his own?

Approve, we quote the following beautiful passage from the "Ghaour" relative to Modern Greece. This passage contains one of the most exquisitely pathetic and beautiful comparisons to be found in English poetry.

He who hath bent him o'er the dead,
Ere the first day of death is fled—
The first day of nothingness,
The last of danger and distress—
Before death's effacing fingers
Have swept the lines which beauty lingers,
And marked the mild angelic air,
The rapture of repose that's there—
The fixed yet tender traits that streak
The language of the placid cheek—
And but for that which changes now,
That fires not—but ruins not—weep not—now,
And but for that which changes now,
Whose touch thrills with immortality,
And touches to the gaze's heart,
As if to him it could impart—
The doom he dreads, yet dwells upon—
Yes—but for these—and these alone—
Some moments—aye—some treacherous hour,
He still might tread the tyrant's power,
So full—so calm—so soft—so sweet—
The first—last look—by death revealed!
Such is the aspect of this shore:
'Tis Greece—what living Greece no more!
So sadly sweet, so deadly fair,
We start—for so it seems to stare!
Here is the loveliness in death,
That parts not quite with parting breath;
But beauty with that fearful bloom,
That hue which haunts it to the tomb—
Expression's last revealing ray,
A ghastly halo hovering round decay,
The farewell of feeling past away!
Spark of that flame—perchance of heavenly
—Which gleams—but burns no more its cherished earth!

There is one of the British poets who has been more extensively praised and flattered or more severely criticized and abused as Byron: and where the praise, and in many instances the harsh criticism, were so appropriately bestowed. For Byron was one of the three greatest poets of Great Britain—of the world—and he filled that void between his two exalted contemporaries—Shakespeare and Milton—which no other poet could have done. When you have Shakespeare, Milton, Byron, you have the soul and body of English poetry, the great embodiment of the British muse. The world, and even England has produced many other great poets, whose names and songs are as familiar to us as the names of our most dearly revered objects, but none of them approximate the incomparable greatness of this immortal trio. And never were there three poets more dissimilar; they occupy essentially

different departments in poetical literature, like the three greatest planets in the physical universe;—Shakespeare the Sun—the great center of poetry from which all lesser luminaries derive much of their light. A great epoch in literature will be the day that utters into being a greater poet than either of this immortal trio; and much I fear that the world is destined never to witness that glorious event. Sooner by far may a second Napoleon appear, or a second Washington appear, to feast the admiration of a zealous and liberty-loving world, than a second Shakespeare, a Milton, or a Byron. In speaking of these three poets as being the embodiment of the English muse, I say so not in disparagement of any other of the British poets. Very dear to me are the names of Burns, Moore, Cooper, Scott, Campbell, Montgomery, Shelly, Keats, and many others I might enumerate. Moore sings the songs and loves of flowers, beautiful women, and the flowing bowl as sparkling and full; Burns plays upon the great harp of Nature until he melts our hearts; but Byron sings the dirges of dead heroes, the desolation of an agonized heart, the despair and gloom of an agonized heart, the grand solemn drama of life, with all its pleasures and concomitant woes. As Pollock has beautifully expressed it:

He touched his harp, and aunts heard, entranced,
As some vast river of unfeeling source,
Rapid, exhaustless, deep, his numbers flow'd,
And open'd new fountains in the human heart.
Where fancy halted, weary in her flight,
In other men, his fresh as morning rose,
And a world of untold heights, and seem'd at home
Where angels bask'd look'd. Others, though great,
Beneath their argument seem'd struggling;
While he from above descending, stoop'd to touch
The loftiest thought; and proudly stoop'd, as though
It had deserved his verse. With Nature's self
He seem'd an old acquaintance, free to jest
At will with all her glorious majesty.
He had his hand upon "the Ocean's mane,"
And play'd familiar with his hoary locks,
Stood on the Alps, stood on the Apennines,
And with the thunders talk'd as friend to friend;
And wore his garb of the lightning's wing,
In sportive twist—the lightning's fiery ring,
Which, as the footstep of the dread God, he
Marching upon the storm in vengeance seem'd;
Then turn'd, and with the grass-hopper, who
Sung his evening song beneath his feet, conversed,
Bans, moans, and stars, and clouds his sisters were;

His steps are not upon his path—thy fields
Are not a spoil for him—thou dost arise
And shudder from thee: the vile strength
He wields
For earth's distinction thou dost all despise,
Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,
And send'st him, shivering in thy playful
spray,
And hailing to his gods, more haply lies
His petty hoping in some nook or bay,
And dashest him again to earth: there let him
lay.

The arms which thunder-strike the
wells
Of rock-built cities, hiding nations quake,
And monarch's tremble in their capitol;
The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
Their clay creator the vain title take
Of lord of time, and arbiter of war;
These thy toys, and as the snowy flake,
They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
Alike the Armada's pride, or spoils of Trafalgar.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee,
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?
Thy waters wasted while they were free
And many a tyrant since; thy shores obey
The stranger, slave, or savage; thy desert
dries
Has dried up realms to deserts: not so thou;
Unchangeable save to thy wild waves play;
Time writes no wrinkles on the azure brow,
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest
now.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glimpsed in tempests; in all time,
Gloom or convulsion—in breeze, or gale, or storm,
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark-heaving; boundless, endless, and sublime,
The Great Eternity—the throne
Of the Invisible; even from thy clime
The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
Obey thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless,
alone.

And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
Born, like thy bubbles, onward: from a boy
I loved thee, and thy breakers—to me they
Were a delight; and as the freshening sea
Made thee a terror—"twice a pleasing fear;
For I was as a child of thee,
And trusted to thy billows far and near,
And did my hand upon thy mane—as I do
here.

His mid-night scene in Rome at the Coliseum, in "Manfred" is most singularly expressive and beautiful:

"The stars are forth, the moon above the tops
Of the snow-shining mountains. Beautiful!
I linger yet with nature, for the night
Hath been to me a more familiar face
Than that of man, and in its starry shade
Of dim and solitary loneliness,
I learned the language of another world.
I do remember me, that in my youth,
When I was wandering, upon such a night
I stood within the Coliseum's wall,
Midst the chief relics of all-mighty Rome:
The trees which grew along the broken arches
Waved dark in the blue mid-night, and the stars
Shone down upon the ruins of the dead;
The watch-dog bayed beyond the Tiber; and
More near from out the Caesars' palace came
The owl's long cry, and interperally,
Of distant sentinels the fluting song.
Begin and end the music of the wind.
Some cyphers beyond the time were heard
Appeared to skirt the horizon, yet they stood
Within a bow-shot. Where the Caesars dwelt,
And dwelt the countless birds of night, amidst
A grove which springs through levelled battlements,
And twines its roots with the imperial hearth,
Ivy usurps the laurel's place of growth;
And the gladiators' bloody cries stand
A noble wreck in ruins of the wind.
While Caesar's chambers and the Augustan halls
Grown on earth in indistinct decay,
And thou dost shine, thou rolling moon, upon
All this, and cast a wide and tender light,
Which softened down the heart's stern light
Of rugged desolation and fill up
As 'twere snow, the gaps of centuries;
Leaving that beautiful which still was so,
And making that which was a place
Became religion, and the heart ran on
With silent worship of the great of old—
The dead, but soothed sovereigns, who still
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Our spirits from their urns!"

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the world. It is always a source of pleasure
to me to behold such noble thoughts as
Byron uttered, published to the world so
beautifully, substantially, appropriately,
and yet so cheaply as Messrs. PHILLIPS,
SAMPSON & Co. of Boston have published
them in this edition. In looking through
this splendid octavo, I cannot help ex-
claiming with Shakespeare—"O Richard is
himself again!"—Byron is himself again
in this work. But it is quite superfluous
to comment on the beauty, durability
or appropriateness of this publication; and
I do so only to call the attention of my
readers to it—being fully satisfied that if
they examine it once it will be as much
an admirer of Byron's poetry and this edi-
tion of his works suits me exactly.

But there is no use to quote further—I
might quote page after page and still
the gems would be as plenty as before I
commenced; and I have made the fore-
going quotations simply to permit Byron
to speak for himself; and the reader will
readily perceive that Byron is the main
character mentioned in each extract; and
not only is this the case in those extracts,
but throughout the whole of his poetry,
we find the same thing. But to us it mat-
ters not of what, or of whom, he writes, so
long as his poetry is good. Without go-
ing into a discussion of the merits of his
poetry I would call the reader's attention
more directly to this magnificent octavo
volume that lies before me, which contains
the complete works of Byron, both in prose
and poetry. Everything that he ever had
printed from his "House of Medusa," and
many things that were not printed until
after his death, find their appropriate places
in this volume—this volume freighted
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to deliver an address, at our next meet-
ing.
Art. Sec. 3rd of the By-laws was so
amended as to read as follows—
"The regular place of meeting will be
the Court House, until changed by the
Association."
The Association then adjourned to meet
at the regular time—2nd Saturday in July.
R. Sterling Pres.
J. D. Campbell Sec.

OUR WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENCE.
WASHINGTON, May 10, 1858.
National Medical Convention—Death of Sen-
ator Evans—Appointment of Judge Loring—
Hon. Asa Briggs, U. S. District Judge for N.
C.—Mr. Clingman in the Senate—Kansas
question—Improvements in Washington—A new
candidate for Mayor.

During the past week our city has been
full of doctors. They have congregated
from all parts of the country to be present
at the National Medical Convention, which
met on Tuesday last at the Smithsonian
Institute. The North Carolina delegation
consisted of Messrs. Gibbon, Tull, Jamieson,
Pierce, Gutterman, Dewey, Muscoe
and Warden. Over six hundred delegates
have attended the daily sessions. On
Thursday evening entertainments were
given in honor of the assembled M. Ds.
by Senator Douglas, and Drs. May and
Boyle of this city.

The Democratic Ratification meeting,
to have taken place last week, was pos-
tponed in consequence of the sudden death
of Senator Evans of S. C., who was ex-
pected to be one of the speakers. He had
occupied his seat in the Senate chamber
on Thursday morning, and seemed to en-
joy his usual health; but about eleven o'-
clock that night sank under an attack of
the disease of the heart. It is currently
believed that Mr. Keitt will be appointed
his successor.

Judge Loring of Mass., as was ex-
pected, has been nominated by the President
as Chief Justice of the U. S. Court of
Claims, in place of the deceased Judge
Gibson. The appointment gives great
satisfaction, except among the ultra men
of the Republican party.

Last Monday the Hon. Asa Briggs, Sen-
ator from your State, was confirmed by
the Senate as U. S. Judge for N. C. Mr.
Clingman of the lower house, having re-
signed the appointment from the Govern-
or, as Senator in place of Mr. Briggs, has
resigned his position as Representative,
and taken his seat in the more august
body. Mr. C. is quite a young man for so
distinguished a position, and should the
Legislature see fit to elect him after the
expiration of Mr. Briggs' term, his pros-
pects will be indeed bright.

"Shrieking Kansas" is now happily
hushed, and politicians who, two weeks
ago, were at daggers' ends, are now as
quiet as lambs. The Black R. publicans
have been striving however, to revive the
excitement in the case of Minnesota, but
their prestige is gone, and their efforts
will fail. The settlement of the Kansas
difficulties inspires the people with new
confidence in the perpetuity of the Union,
a confidence which it will require more
than the flippant threats of our legisla-
tors to shake.

Washington is improving rapidly. The
effects of the financial crash of last Fall
are dying away, and our Capitalists are
beginning timidly to invest their cash in
real estate. A magnificent hotel in the
western part of the city, near the White
House, is one of the projects occupying
the attention of our men of business. Sev-
eral new churches are in progress towards
completion, and these, with the public
buildings and numerous private edifices
keep our mechanics quite busy. John
Parry, Esq., has been nominated as anoth-
er independent candidate for Mayor. It
is thought that this nomination, by di-
viding the opposition, will insure the
success of the democratic candidate.

THE GREENSBORO (N. C.) TIMES.—
This is the title of a literary paper of
great merit and well sustained. It is pub-
lished weekly at \$2 per year, and the en-
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sparing no pains to make it a valuable
Journal, and as we have no paper of the
kind in our own State, we ought to en-
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advancement and subscribe to the
"Times," in preference to many North-
ern Journals which now flood our Post
offices.

Specimen copies sent free. Try it
once instead of the Ledger—Star, Chris-
tiansburg, Va.

Letter from North Carolina—Fayetteville, N. C., March 2, 1858. Dr. Seth
W. Fowler, Dear Sir—For two years past
I have been more or less troubled with a
cough. During the past year, I was taken
with a severe pain in the left side, ac-
companied by a very bad cough, and a
raining of blood, probably a quart or more.
In addition to this, I sweat profusely at
night, which induced me to apply to a
physician, but received no permanent
benefit. I then procured a bottle of Wis-
tar's Balsam of Wild Cherry, which I con-
tinued to use it and my appetite, which
had been very poor, returned, and with
it my strength was restored. After tak-
ing four bottles I was completely cured,
and have enjoyed good health ever since.
DAVID R. BELL. The Editor of the
North Carolinaian, cheerfully testifies to
his knowledge of the truth of Mr. Bell's
statement in regard to the efficacy of the
Balsam. None genuine unless signed I.
BUTTS on the wrapper.

CANDIDATE.
WE are authorized to announce Col.
JOSEPH A. HOUTS, as a candidate for the
Office of Sheriff for the County of Guilford.

EDGEWORTH FEMALE SEMI-
NARY.—The Annual Examination of
Edgeworth Female Seminary will com-
mence on Tuesday May 25, at 8 o'clock A. M.
Concert on Wednesday night.
Graduating Exercises on Thursday night.
The Annual Address will be delivered on
Thursday night by James A. Long Esq.
RICHARD STERLING.
May 10, 1858. 122 2w

E. F. POWELL.
Watch-Maker & Jeweller,
GREENSBORO, N. C.
Respectfully announces to the citizens of the
place and the surrounding country, that he has
located in Greensboro for the purpose of carrying
on the Watch and Jewelry business in all
its various branches. He will keep on hand a
good assortment of Watches, Clocks, Jewelry
and Fancy Goods, all of which he will sell very low
for cash. All kinds of Watches, Clocks and
Jewelry carefully repaired at the shortest notice,
and on reasonable terms. All he asks is a fair
trial. He may be found at Felt's brick build-
ing on the corner. May, 1858. 122 2w

is sought to be completed by the inference,
that whatever our wandering, our hap-
piness will always be found within a narrow
compass and amidst the objects more im-
mediately within our reach, but that we
are seldom sensible of this truth (happily
though it be in the schools of Philosophers)
till our resources have extended over a
wider area. But I cannot enlarge, come
forward novel writers and read for your-
selves and profit by the wisdom which it
contains.
A NOVEL READER.

For the Times.
HIGH POINT, N. C., March 20, '58.
Messrs. Hollet, Davis & Co.,
Piano-Forte Manufacturers,
Boston, Mass.

Gentlemen: The undersigned, a Com-
mittee appointed for the purpose of fur-
nishing the Female Normal School of this
place, having had submitted to them by
the Rev. Wm. I. Langdon, your liberal
proposition in reference to supplying the
said Institution, with two of your Pianos,
have not only accepted it, but would
now manifest their appreciation of your
benevolent act, by expressing their most
grateful acknowledgments for the same.
The unsolicited and liberal donation of
\$240, being a deduction of that amount
from your usual price, and that much less
than we have been charged by any Manu-
facturer or Agent to whom we have ap-
plied, is greatly enhanced in value by the
kind and gentlemanly manner in which
you have made it. It is gratifying to us
to assure you that your liberality has been
bestowed on a highly meritorious Insti-
tution—one whose perpetuity is guaranteed
by the amount of capital invested, the el-
igibility of its site, its arrangements for
the accommodation and instruction of pu-
pils, its present patronage and prospects,
the qualifications of its Teachers, and the
character of its Proprietor—an Institution
that is now extending aid to a large num-
ber of destitute young ladies, and prepar-
ing them for useful position in Society,
and that we believe it destined to send
out teachers through the length and
breadth of the South, and prove a great
blessing to the Church and the world.

Please accept our best wishes for all
that prosperity which is so justly merited
by your generosity, and well known rep-
utation as Manufacturers.

Very Respectfully,
ROBT. C. LINDSAY,
A. S. VULVIAN,
W. F. BOWMAN,
S. PERRY,
S. FARLOW.

THE BLUE RIDGE TUNNEL.—The Char-
lottesville Jeffersonian says: Since last
week we have twice passed through the
long talked of, Blue Ridge Tunnel. On
the train approaching either side of it,
cars are lighted up and red light placed
on the end of the rear car, the speed is
diminished and every precaution used to
prevent accidents. The entire distance
can be seen through from the front or
rear, the light on the outside of the tunnel
assumes, as the cars progress through it,
an appearance of a luminous fire, and at
last a perfect brilliant blaze; the house at
the western end, its doors and windows,
and persons standing near are seen dis-
tinctly till the train gets more than half
way through the tunnel when the light be-
comes as it were a blaze of fire.

TAMPAICO dates to the 26th ultimo have
been received at New Orleans. Garza
was still firing on our city, causing serious
destruction of life and property. He had
possession of the fort, and was stopping all
vessels that approached the harbor. He
fired on the brig Stetson, and detained the
Virginia and Antoinette; but on the ar-
rival of the United States steamer Fulton
both were allowed to proceed.

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